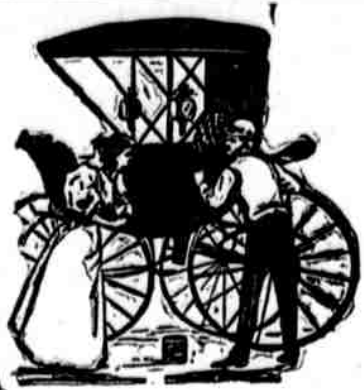


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Johnson Never Felt Burns' Blows Burns Explains Defeat By Johnson

"I never had a doubt regarding the outcome of the battle since the match was made," remarked Johnson, who, in the dressing-room, seemed as strong and well as when he began operations. "Burns fought a better battle than I anticipated, and took a lot of punishment. He is a very plucky fellow."

"Yes"—this in answer to a question—"I could have beaten him a lot quicker, but I did not desire to. I wanted to get even. He and those with him had spoken very slightly of me, and I laid myself out to make the drubbing as severe as possible. Wonder if they think I have a yellow streak now." And he chuckled to himself.

"None of the blows delivered by Burns troubled me much," continued the colored man, "and I was not concerned at any stage of the fight. I just wanted to give it to him in small doses, and he got it, and I'm satisfied."

"Can't say exactly what I'm going to do yet. I have a five weeks' engagement at the Tivoli to fill, and I must get back to London to fight Sam Langford at the National Sporting Club on Derby night."

"About Squires? Yes, I'm willing to meet him, but he must find a 2000 side bet."

Johnson said much more, but it was mostly repetition, and evidenced a peculiar grudge against the man he defeated, and over whose downfall he appeared to be in great glee.

When seen by a Sydney Daily Telegraph representative, Tommy Burns showed very few traces of the punishing Johnson gave him the day before, his face, beyond a little puffiness, had assumed its normal state, and only for their inflamed appearance his eyes bore no evidence that they had experienced wear and tear of any kind.

"I wasn't so badly punished as people imagined," said Burns, "and I am sure Johnson could never have stopped me inside the twenty rounds we agreed to go over; he is by no means a hard hitter. I am as well as ever I was about the body, despite those frequent visitations from the black-fellow's left, particularly."

"There is very little doubt in my mind but that I might have won had the police not interfered, for I could feel Johnson tiring, and hope had risen high within me at the moment. In the majority of my other fights I took much more real punishment than Johnson administered, and then succeeded. When I fought Hugo Kelly I appeared to be in a deplorable plight, about half way through, and I really laid up for three days afterwards, but I won the battle in the end."

"I had begun to pick up from about the tenth round, and though Johnson landed a great number of blows I felt that I only had to bide my time."

"Tommy couldn't have been very bad," remarked Mrs. Burns, "when he ate half a chicken and some broth at his tea, and an hour afterwards

Baseball
Boxing
Boating

SPORTS

Racing
Bowling
Rowing

Around the Camps; Boxers At Work

Charlie Reilly, the clever young featherweight, has started in real earnest to train for his coming match with Smith. Reilly is domiciled at the Orpheum along with George Peterson and Young Scott, who are training for their fight with Sullivan and Soldier McCollough, respectively. Charlie is paying strict attention to his bellows just now. He knows that wind is the most essential qualification in a fighter. If a boxer cannot last as regards wind, it little matters how clever he is, that is, of course, if the contest goes beyond four or five rounds. Reilly therefore intends to make sure that his pipes are clear and opened up before he starts the sparring stunts. Charlie is a well-put-up little fellow, and even at this early stage of the match seems as hard as nails. He will need very little work to put him in excellent condition. The lad knows that Smith is improving every day and means to take no chances of being defeated.

Peterson is getting along finely, and works out every afternoon at the Orpheum. He does not do any boxing, and will not put on the gloves until Saturday night. Young Scott is working hard for his fight with the soldier. He is picking up a lot of hints for Peterson, who keeps him going all the time.

Soldier McCollough is a tough proposition to run up against, and Scott is aware of the fact that he will have to put up a rattling good go to get away with the Fort Shafter boy. McCollough is one of the kind that bores in all the time. He takes all the punishment going and comes in for more in the hope of landing one smash that will end the fight.

Smith is out at Fort Shafter with Dick Sullivan, and is getting into condition rapidly. He will put up a great fight against Reilly, and may be depended upon to be the aggressor most of the time.

If all the people who say they are going to the fight roll up, there won't be standing room in the Orpheum. Some hundreds of soldiers from Fort Shafter have signified their intention to be present, so the rooting for the respective fighters should be something out of the usual.

Joe Cohen very kindly let a bunch of tickets go to Fort Shafter on credit.

The soldiers won't be paid until the fight is over, and they were simply breaking their hearts at the thought of not being able to see the Camp favorite scrap. However, one of their officers—he is a good sport himself—guaranteed that the tickets would be paid for when the boys got their dough, and all is well now.

Hercules is as strong as ever and making good progress out at Fort Shafter. The cook puts in his time mostly pugging dough and trying to punch Dick Sullivan. He is a good, strong man, and although he has a lot to learn in the fighting game, is coming along nicely. The go between he and Hans Nelson should be as lively a fight—not even excepting the Silva-Miller go—as has been seen in Honolulu for a long time.

Nelson—durable Dane number two—is leaving no stone unturned to fit himself for his fight with the chef. Nelson is a sturdy boy and has a wallop in either hand; if he gets home one of his light swings on the strong man, it will about settle the yeast manipulator.

A lot of other embryo fighters are getting into shape at Fort Shafter, and some of them are picking up wonderfully. Watching Sullivan at work is opening the eyes of the younger fighters to the possibilities of the game.

One young soldier who puts the gloves on nearly every day with McCollough, shows promise of developing into a good man. He is not afraid of punishment and uses his head to advantage. Brains tell in most occupations in life, and in boxing, are certainly desirable—even if only used for match-making deals a la Tommy Burns.

What sort of a back number would Tommy be now, if two years ago, he had met the negro for the championship. "Not on your life," quoth Burns, "at any rate, not till I've gathered in all the easy money in sight."

Tommy today is probably worth \$200,000 and good, for show purposes, for the next ten years, if not longer. Ah, Tommy had a level head, and even when defeated by Johnson, probably remarked to himself: "Stung! No matter. Thirty thousand bucks looks good to me!"

Brain is it.

The Wallabies Myrtle Club Is Clear Of Debt

The "Wallabies," an Australian Rugby football team, played Stanford University yesterday and defeated them by a score of 13 to 3.

Stanford did remarkably well to score at all against the marsupials, as they are a very strong combination, and have had very few points scored against them on their tour of Great Britain.

The University team should pick up a lot of wrinkles from the Australians about the finer points of Rugby. Lanigan and two other Coast footballers visited Australia last year. They witnessed all the matches between New Zealand and Australia, and no doubt stored away a lot of information about the Rugby game.

It is to be hoped that we, in Honolulu, will see the Wallabies in action—even if it is only mixed teams of locals and visitors that compete.

Wilding, who, with Brooks, holds the Davis Cup at tennis, won the championship of New Zealand last month. He met Parker in the final and defeated him easily. Parker is known in Honolulu, having stopped here for a few hours on his way back from England in 1907. He played a few games with Will Roth at that time.

enjoyed six ice creams."

Mr. and Mrs. Burns were at church as usual yesterday morning, and in the afternoon went up by motor-car to "The Rest" at National Park. Burns expressed himself satisfied that but for that unlucky uppercut in the first round, which Johnson landed just as the referee separated them, there would have been a greatly different tale to tell today.

STODDARD DAYTON
7-Seated

By Hour or Trip.

G. C. Beckley, Jr.
PHONE 199.

PROGRAM

Secretaries or other authorized representatives of clubs are asked to send in a list of events, scheduled by them, that they may be included in the program. Address all communications to the Sporting Editor, Evening Bulletin.

BASEBALL

Feb. 14: Chinese Minors A and B teams.
Feb. 21: Chinese Minors C and B teams.

BOWLING

Feb. 12: Punahou vs. Rapid Transit.
Feb. 15: Marines vs. Fort Shafter.
Feb. 17: Punahou vs. Marines.

GOLF

Feb. 22: Novelty.

FISTIC

Feb. 13: Sullivan vs. Peterson.

TRACK MEET

Feb. 27: Y. M. C. A. track meet.

Unholz Beated By Thorn In N.S.W.

Thorn and Boer Unholz fought for the lightweight championship of Australia in Sydney last month.

Despite the agitation against boxing matches in Australia some 6000 people rolled up to the scrap.

Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns were at the ringside. Burns, as usual, got a great reception; Johnson was coolly received, but treated the matter good-naturedly, taking his hat off to the crowd and waving a hand to any friend he saw.

As a scientific boxer Unholz, from all accounts, was a disappointment. He is possessed of great muscular development and he relied mainly upon his strength. He used his left a lot.

Thorn showed much cleverness, meeting the Boer's rushes with a straight left to the face. Unholz took considerable punishment before the decision was given against him. Thorn, a new man, must now be considered amongst the lightweights as a possible world's champion.

Bill Squires, who was defeated three times by Tommy Burns, has had to undergo an operation for the removal of a growth in his nose which interfered with his breathing.

Marines Defeat The Naval Lads

Last night at the Hotel alleys the Marines put it over the Naval Station to the tune of 2074 to 2066.

Following were the scores:

	Marines	Naval
Washburn	124 143 127 594 131	
Logsdon	152 111 124 387 129	
Burket	125 142 165 432 144	
Blay	134 134 172 440 146	
Reckel	114 174 133 421 140	

649 704 721 2074

Naval Station

	Naval	Marines
Ledgerwood	144 139 175 458 152	
Shelley	117 124 116 357 119	
Brewster	149 163 115 427 142	
Moorman	114 100 128 342 114	
Wort	146 131 145 422 140	

670 657 679 2066

Chinese Minor League Fix Date

The games to be played in the Chinese Minor League on the grounds opposite the railroad shops, will start at 10 a. m. every Sunday. They are scheduled as follows:

Feb. 7, A team vs. B team; 14, A team vs. C team; 21, C team vs. B team; 28, B team vs. A team; March 7, C team vs. A team; 14, B team vs. C team.

Mique Fisher's Parcel and Cup

It is said around town that Mique Fisher will be a very surprised man when he reaches home and opens a parcel, which he is fondly guarding under the impression that it contains a valuable cup.

As the story goes, it appears that the people of Japan were so much in love with Michael that they could not allow him to leave Nippon without presenting him with a token of esteem.

The Japanese wished to present Mique with a race horse, but the baseball magnate said he could not afford to pay for the transportation of so large an animal.

Not to be denied, the Japs insisted on Fisher accepting a beautiful silver cup. Mike showed the cup around Honolulu, and finally put it on exhibition in a local cigar store window, the proprietor of which promised to pack the cup up carefully, and hand it to Mique before his departure on the Maru.

Well, Mique got a parcel all right, but what will he think when he opens it? A lovely assortment of street garbage, made up in imitation of the original package, will greet Miquello and remind him of the balmi breezes of Hawaii.

In the meantime the proper parcel containing the cup is on its way to San Francisco by mail and will reach Fisher a few days after his arrival.

Good Old Bliss Thanks To All

S. S. Tenyo Maru, February 8, 1939, 9 p. m.
To My Friends in Honolulu:—Just a line of thanks for the swell token I received from Honolulu friends as a result of Sunday's game. I must add that I only did on that day as I have always tried to do on other days while playing with my own club. Now if Burns bears me no malice I will put my whole "Oriental trip" as a grand time.

Very truly yours,
JACK BLISS.
Reach All-American Club.

KETCHELL BARS NONE OF THE FIGHTERS

Setanley Ketchell will be numbered among the fighting celebrities with the confines of San Francisco in a few days more. Manager Willis Britt is lonesome with so many thousands of miles between his middle weight champion and himself and in order to relieve the strain he has decided to beckon the champion westward once more. With Ketchell on the job it is more than likely that things along pugilistic row will commence to liven up a bit.

Ketchell is none too keen for the vaudeville life, nor is Britt at all anxious that his fighter should continue to make a hero out of himself without using five ounce gloves. But what is Ketchell going to do here? This is the question that is being passed up and down the line. Wait and see, appears to be the only logical answer. Britt must have an object in giving his champion the long distance office, for he would not toss so much carfare away without a chance for a comeback.

"You know what I said," is the way Willis puts it. "Ketchell will fight any man in the world and I don't bar one of them. Certainly Langford is included in my broad and sweeping statement. But I do not have to hurry. Let Langford get busy and beat somebody else first. Let him show us something. The best he has ever done was to go a round. This does not prove that he is a great fighter."

SPOUTS BY THE SPORTING EDITOR

The colossal ignorance of the average Englishman in regard to Australia is almost beyond belief. A perusal of most English papers shows that the writers therein are liable to make any kind of a ridiculous statement about the Commonwealth. "Snowy" Baker, a noted Australian athlete—swimmer, boxer, runner, and Rugby footballer—has just returned to Sydney from "dear old England." Baker's stories of the Johnnies he met on his travels are immense.

"Had Jove, old chappie," one brainy specimen remarked. "It must be awful bore, doncherknow, to have no rivers in Australia to stop the bush fires—eh what?"

Another time Baker was ordered to a private hospital to undergo an operation. One nurse on being told she was detailed to nurse an Australian patient, cried out: "I am not going to attend to a black fellow!"

In Ireland, Snowy was asked if the festival of Christmas was observed in Australia!

Baker swam in England, Scotland, and the Green Isle. On the Continent he won the International scratch races—50 and 500 metres—in Finland. He got a fine reception in Sydney on his return from abroad.

AMUSEMENTS

The Big Battlers

Dick Sullivan
VS.
George Peterson
At 158 Pounds, for the Championship of Hawaii.

ORPHEUM THEATER

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 13, '39
2—RATTING PRELIMINARIES—2
4-Round Contest at 160 Pounds
YOUNG HERCULES
VS.
HANS NELSON
(The Fighting Dane of Camp Vero)
8-Round Contest at 135 Pounds
YOUNG SCOTT
VS.
SOLDIER MCCOLLOUGH
(Or Fort Shafter)
TICKETS on sale at Fitzpatrick's Cigar Store, Fort and Hotel Streets.
PRICES—Stage 5 ats, \$4.50; Orchestra, \$2; Dress Circle, \$1.50; Family Circle, \$1; all reserved. Gallery Admission, 50c.

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—THE—

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Children 5c

BOWLING

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